

GRAPHIC

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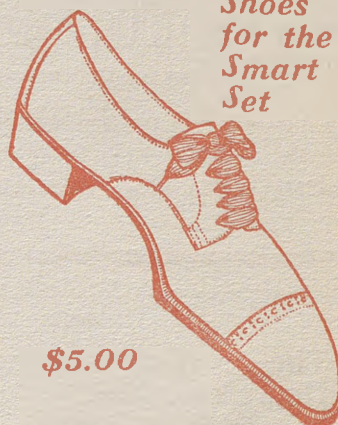
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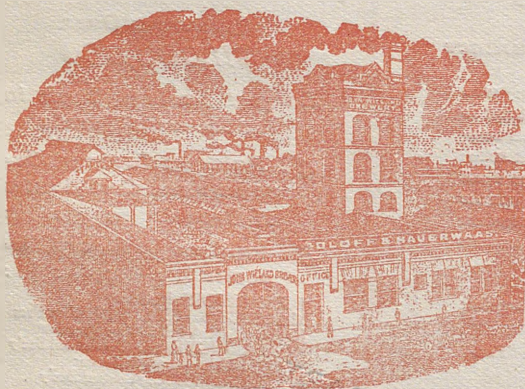
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Matters of Moment

Mr. Huntington, the People, and the Times.

The editor of the Times has for some years enjoyed the comparatively harmless pastime of writing letters to himself. Last Sunday's Times supplies internal evidence that he is variegating that pastime by interviewing himself. For this purpose he adopts the disguise of one in Mr. Huntington's confidence, with some sort of indefinite authority to speak for the street railroad magnate. Mr. Huntington's lieutenants are not given to the interview habit, nor do they venture to express their chief's convictions concerning his relations with the public. Nor is Mr. Huntington himself prone to lay bare his inmost soul on this subject. The alleged "interview" bears further evidence of its questionable origin, in that anyone familiar with Mr. Huntington or his lieutenants is well aware that they are not in the habit of throwing themselves on the mercy of the public and, as one commentator has branded the "interview," playing "the baby act." If the object of the "interview" and the correlative editorial was to ingratiate the Times with Mr. Huntington, it is probably doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Huntington may well cry "Save me from my friends!"

H. E. Huntington is neither a "little czar," as he has been characterized by another contemporary, nor is he a suppliant for the people's tender mercies. And he is not posing as a philanthropist. He has made very large investments in Los Angeles, and, incidentally, Los Angeles has profited very largely thereby. For every dollar invested he expects to receive rich recompense. Such enterprise on his part does not mean that the people should give him everything he wants, nor that he should put himself above the law. Mr. Huntington interprets the law one way; the city attorney interprets it another way. Therein lie the main differences at present between the people and Mr. Huntington, and the sooner they are settled by the courts, the better it will be for all concerned. Unfortunately, the City Attorney advised the council how they could force certain matters to an issue, but they chose to disregard his advice, preferring that the Mayor should shoulder the burden of any fighting to be done in the direction of Sixth and Main streets.

Mr. Huntington, despite the spurious "interview" in the Times, is not disposed to be conciliatory where he believes his rights are threatened. In his dealings with the city the policy of compromise and conciliation has not been pre-eminent. In the matter of the freight franchise he was advised that if he would accept certain definite restrictions as to the mode of operating such a franchise it was probable that

he would obtain it. His reply was that he wanted a first class franchise or none at all. He got none at all. Nevertheless, for some time he has been operating freight cars, and without paying the city anything for the privilege. The Mayor and the City Attorney are confident that he is violating the law. The Council has refused to adopt the measure considered expedient by the City Attorney to test the law; it seems to pay more attention to Mr. Huntington's attorneys than to the legal representative of the people.

There was a time when, if Mr. Huntington's policy had been one of conciliation and compromise, he could have gone far in the favor of the people by granting "universal transfers." He did not choose to do so. As Mr. Harriman now controls an equal interest to that of Mr. Huntington in the Pacific Electric and has no interest in the Los Angeles Railway, the "universal transfers" idea is not likely to be realized.

There does not therefore seem any particular reason why the people should grant Mr. Huntington undue favors or why they should acquiesce in what the City Attorney advises is violation of law. If the City Council continues to prove pliant to the Huntington influences, a way is provided for the people to attend to the case of each and every recalcitrant Councilman.

The differences between Mr. Huntington and the people are simply those of law. They cannot be remedied by the "healing touch" of the Times, or by rodomontade or by apology. The process of the Courts is the only way.

John D
Rockefeller, he
Is getting roasted from A to Z,
Until he thinks
In the hot turmoil
That hell is heated
With Standard Oil.

—Town Topics.

Order or Disorder

Dr. E. S. Chapman of the Anti-Saloon League has presented a petition to the City Council, signed by 5300 citizens, asking that body either to pass an ordinance closing the 200 saloons in Los Angeles or to submit the question to the people. The proposed ordinance is not a strictly prohibition measure; it proposes to close the saloons, which pay the city an annual revenue of \$200,000 and are well regulated by strict ordinances, but it does not propose to interfere with the liquor traffic in restaurants, clubs, drug stores or wholesale establishments. The Prohibitionists, however, favor the ordinance, and expect, should this initial measure be adopted by the people, to submit later more stringent measures, eventually

annihilating the liquor traffic. It is an alluring but idle dream. However, it would be a great deal fairer and of less expense to the city if the Prohibitionists had the courage of their convictions and were willing to submit at once the real and ultimate question—Are the people of Los Angeles in favor of total prohibition?

Should Dr. Chapman's present tactics succeed, the retail liquor traffic, instead of being strictly regulated as it is today, will be placed in the hands of irresponsible adventurers. The drug stores will reap a direct profit from the new disorder; "clubs" and "blind-pigs" will spring up like mushrooms, and it will be much more difficult to control them than it is to regulate saloons. The latter today are under constant and rigid supervision. Most of the saloon keepers realize that their licenses are too valuable to risk any violation of the laws and regulations that have been made. By the last license granted by the police commission the city treasury was enriched \$3,333.33. It may be presumed that the remaining 199 licenses are equally valuable. If the city's power to dispose of licenses in such manner is not unconstitutional, here is a possible asset of \$666,666. Dr. Chapman proposes to wipe out this asset and also to annihilate the annual income of \$200,000.

Under the proposed ordinance, neither restaurants nor drug stores will be required to pay any additional revenue, although their traffic in liquor naturally would be enormously increased. Nor is any provision made to tax the "clubs," which would probably soon outnumber the present saloons. There is nothing in the proposed ordinance or in the laws of California to prevent every saloon-keeper converting his establishment into a "club." He could dispense liquors only to "members," but at such institutions, as demonstrated by the history of this county within the last five years, "membership" is neither an expensive nor difficult process. In the infamous "clubs" that flourished like weeds in the county the payment of ten cents entitled anyone to a card of membership and in most cases to a discount on a drink.

Imagine the effect of two or three hundred of such establishments strewn broadcast throughout the city, and compare the consequent chaos with the comparative order of the saloons today under strict police supervision. The "clubs" would be responsible to no one. It is claimed that already the internal revenue department taxes between two and three hundred establishments, which sell liquor without a city license. Less than a dozen of these are legitimate and regular clubs. If the police are unable to put down this illegal traffic under existing conditions, when probably five-sixths of the liquor consumed in this city is sold under license, what interference would they offer to the doubling or trebling of such traffic? The "blind pigs" would keep busy a force of police double the present size; the "clubs" could not be entered by the police unless armed with a special warrant.

The **Graphic** does not believe for a moment that the five thousand signers of the Anti-Saloon ordinance petition have weighed the consequences of such legislation. The majority of them have signed, no doubt, under the impression that such an ordinance would abolish the liquor traffic. It would do nothing of the kind. For a time it might decrease the consumption of liquor, but the number of men in search of liquor would not be decreased. The

supply would soon be made more than equal to the demand. The liquor traffic, instead of being as today under the law, would be driven into illegal channels.

Economically, Dr. Chapman's proposed ordinance is wrong, depriving, as it would, the city of considerable revenue. Morally, it offers no improvement of existing conditions; practically, it would create chaos and disorder instead of order and regulation.

Duffer—I've been figuring on the expenses of an automobile, and I find the greatest cost is the operation.

Puffer—Mechanical or surgical?

Partisan Politics.

Partisanship in politics has received some hard blows during the last few years, but they will seem only scratches in comparison with the destined demolition of many of the lines that are supposed to divide Republican and Democrat. In local politics we have seen such an awakening to the absurdity of confounding questions of national policy with municipal issues that complete reversals of party figures no longer cause astonishment. The hide-bound partisan who votes his party ticket "straight" on all possible occasions is today as great a curiosity as the independent voter was twenty years ago. Today men are inclining to take their politics "from their brain cells instead of from their birthmarks." Not only do men take a broader and keener individual view of political questions, but many of the old lines which for half a century have divided the two great political parties have gradually lost their distinction and their meaning. In the last two national campaigns the Democracy was at pains to discover an issue which would appeal broadly and sharply to the people. In the last campaign, after the victory of the "sane and conservatives" at the St. Louis convention, there remained such little vital difference between the platforms of the two political parties that the Democratic leaders were forced to make an issue of men rather than measures. And in that attempt they failed miserably because, while they were unable to disturb the people's confidence in the integrity of the Republican standard-bearer, it was also made evident that his political faith was more truly Democratic than that of his opponent.

Nothing that Mr. Roosevelt has said during his Southern and Western excursions has been more notable than his expression of belief that the issues of partisan politics are of infinitely less importance than the questions concerning which party politics are not drawn, or should not be drawn.

Questions of social organization and population, for example, says the New York Sun; questions of foreign policy; questions of government in its relation to business; questions of political economy; questions of good citizenship and the individual's duties to the community; questions of Federal enterprise in the way of national improvements intended for the benefit of all alike; and so on.

If these questions are eliminated from partisan politics by thoughtful men, very little, except the question of occupation of public office, remains. On "questions of Federal enterprise in the way of national improvements intended for the benefit of all alike," it is obvious that the Republican Presi-

dent holds very different opinions from the Republicans, or most of them, in the United States Senate. Mr. Roosevelt believes that the railroads should be subjected to Federal control; the Republican senators have shown no disposition to accept the President's radical views on this subject. But it is not a question of political faith that divides them. The President's position is fortified by the universal demand of the people for reform in interstate railroad legislation. He represents the people and both or all parties. Mr. Roosevelt was elected by the people. The objecting senators were not elected by popular vote; many of them owe their togas to the political influence and activity of railroad corporations. Hence they incline to represent the railroads rather than the people.

It seems likely that within a few months Mr. Roosevelt will have practical experience of the great truth that he uttered at Louisville: "that the issues of partisan politics are of infinitely less importance than the questions concerning which partisan politics are not drawn."

PASTORAL

When a little farm I keep,
I shall tend my kine and
sheep,
And my pretty lambs shall
fold
In deep pastures starred
with gold.

On green carpets they shall
tread,
Gold and purple be their bed,
Honeyed clover make their
food
In a watered solitude.

Garden places I shall tend.
For a welcome to a friend
Make for him a roomy seat
By the box and privet sweet.

And my kitchen garden shall
Grow me fruits on tree and
wall,
Give me blossoms in the
spring
And an autumn gathering.

An old dial and a cote
Where the pigeons fly and
float,
And a well so green and dim
Where the little fishes swim.

Hives of honey I shall own,
Bees with drowsy monotone
Toil all day to bring me home
Heather-honey at the gloam.

'Twixt the mountains and
the sea
There my little farm will be.
In a heart-remembered spot
I shall have my happy lot.

In the heart-remembered
place,
Where the mountains lift
their face,
I shall tend my sheep and
kine,
And a thankful heart be
mine.

When a little farm I keep
I shall sleep the happiest
sleep,
To my simple meals invite
Thanksgiving and appetite.

In the heart-remembered
place
I shall wear a shining face,
And my quiet nights be
praise,
And a prayer my innocent
days.

—Katharine Tynan.

A NEW EASTER

"Wrapped in the rays of mythology,"
And buried deep in gloom,
With the hard, cold stone of bigotry
Closing the mouth of the tomb.

But Jesus, the Christ, is risen,
And walks abroad in the day,
For Thought, Time's great archangel,
Has rolled the stone away.

The garments of fear and doubting
Lie empty within the tomb,
And the glorifying spirit eternal
Walks beyond the realm of gloom.

LOUISE A. STERRY.

By The Way

The Spell of "Parsifal."

"Parsifal" is an old story by this time, but even the most callous listener in the old barn at Central Park last Monday will never forget its impression. Men and women—the majority—went to see and hear from mixed motives. No performance, operatic or dramatic—no circus—has ever been advertised like "Parsifal." The mysticism of Wagner's last music-drama has been carried beyond the spirit of the opera and used for commercial purposes. Shrouded for years in the retreat of Beyreuth it was treasured by Wagner's widow as a sacred relic, never to be touched by unconsecrated hands. Frau Wagner's original intention may have been sincere and devout enough, but of course as long as no one could hear "Parsifal" without making a pilgrimage to Beyreuth, the estimable lady's bank account was swelled. The world owes Heinrich Conried a debt of gratitude for at last having broken through the Beyreuth preserves. By this time "Parsifal" had reached the dignity of a revelation, especially among those who had never seen it, and their imagination has been assiduously fanned by ingenious press agents. Therefore everybody wanted to hear "Parsifal," even if many were frankly dubious of their capacity for enjoying it. Therefore the elect of Los Angeles—or rather, every man and woman who could afford it—bravely sat for nearly five hours in uncomfortable surroundings and, less gladly, paid \$13,500 for the experience. "Everybody" went because "everybody else" was going. To be forced to confess that one did not go to "Parsifal" would be to risk descent in the social and intellectual scale. People who love music for its own sake, and who understand much or a little of it, were in a class by themselves. And they were in a very respectable minority. But all—or almost all, for the iconoclast has made himself heard—fell under the spell of "Parsifal" and will never forget it. Apart from the superb orchestration, to appreciate all of which does not require musical education; apart from the glorious voices of the greatest singers in the world, the story of "Parsifal" is noble and uplifting in a simple

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sense that does not require subtle analysis or complex reasoning—manhood's crusade for purity.

Hawthorne, Iconoclast.

Either to profess abject devotion to Wagner or to scoff rudely at him is too often simply a pose. Julian Hawthorne of the Examiner discounted indignation and the "expense of his own meager reputation for sense and judgment" when he attempted to tear the value of "Parsifal" to tatters. I doubt if a hundred of the 3500 people who endured the performance will endorse his views. But Mr. Hawthorne did not attempt to disguise his scoffing; indeed, he preferred to emphasise it by a vulgarity that was surprising from his graceful and refined pen. Perhaps, it also emphasised the pose. "Parsifal" is obviously a likeness of Christ. His temptation in Klingsor's magic garden is not far removed from Christ's experiences in the wilderness; Wagner's adaptation of scenes from Christ's life, in the last act of the opera, the similarity of Kundry and the Magdalene, are also unmistakable. Yet Mr. Hawthorne finds "Parsifal" "a bore and an ass," "a gigantesque absurdity," and "one of those pusillanimous palterers who contrive to eat their cake and have it too." The Examiner "star" sacrifices sincerity to levity—to strengthen his pose—by finding Kundry "a perfect lady," and while he implies that he knows nothing about music and cares less, he delivers himself of the following amazing ipse dixit: "Wagner is not a real musical genius, much less a dramatic one, and has bitten off, in the parlance of the school boy, a great deal more than he can chew." There are others. But Mr. Hawthorne is paid to pose—more's the pity for his talents and his reputation. If his reflections concerning Southern California have not been original, at least he might strive for a sensation by "being different" concerning "Parsifal." Mr. Hawthorne earns his money. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in the stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

Some Opinions.

My own conviction is that the average man having once been able to store "Parsifal" among his experiences will not be anxious for a repetition. "The crowd" having exhausted its novelty will not want to see it again. Therefore the reign of "Parsifal" is destined to be short-lived, and after another season or so Herr Conried may be glad enough to return it with thanks to Frau Wagner. The average stock of endurance—the musical elect aside—is insufficient for Wagner's tremendous elaboration, and even musicians grow weary of Gurnemanz's interminable recitatives. No one grows weary of the second act, but the average interest is due more to the dramatic situation than to the music. The first act is the most trying ordeal—and everyone was grateful for the "interval for refreshments." Even a profound musician was heterodox enough to confess to me sotto voce: "Well, I'm ashamed to say it, but I enjoyed the first act of 'Red Feather' more than this." The spell of "Parsifal" had not begun to act. Afterwards he declared his interest and enjoyment had been immense, adding, "I would like to hear 'Parsifal' again—next month." So, even the musicians found it a task, however uplifting. On Tuesday morning the feeling of exhaustion was prevalent, and both men and women were in search

of "Parsifal" antidotes or cocktails. "I guess," remarked a millionaire, "that I don't care for Wagner beyond 'Lohengrin.' Honestly, Gurnemanz is a cure for insomnia." And a frank lady perhaps sums up the general impression by saying: "Well, I don't regret having paid my \$10 for a seat. My \$150 gown was a worse investment, for nobody could see it and the society reporters overlooked it. But I do think one gets more for one's money at the Orpheum."

"Is he a finished musician?"

"Not quite; he has half a meal ticket left."—Judge.

The Hideous Auditorium.

Every Angeleno will breathe more freely and also be less ashamed when Hazard's Pavilion—it doesn't sound any more beautiful to call it Temple Auditorium—is demolished. It is an abomination and a desolation. But worse than that, it is a horrible fire-trap. It is to be hoped, indeed, that the Fates will never again be tempted as they were last Monday and Tuesday nights. Certain it is that the fire commissioners and the building inspector should never again allow such risk. It takes twenty minutes to empty the Pavilion of a calm and orderly audience. Nobody cares or dares to picture the awful consequences if the cry of "Fire" were once raised in that building. The sooner this unsightly and dangerous pile is leveled the better for Los Angeles.

Many complaints were heard of the discomfort of the crush in gaining admission to the Pavilion, and more than one lady appealed to me to "roast" the management for not opening more doors. Such discomfort, however, is a small thing in comparison with the danger that people deliberately run in entering such a building at all.

It requires the highest art to make one oblivious to surroundings as hideous as those of Hazard's Pavilion. The auditorium is bleak and bare enough, but the stage baffles description. Furthermore, at the opera the proscenium was unnecessarily foreshortened, so that the stage was dwarfed, and the profuseness and beauty of Conried's scenery suffered sorely. But, please Heaven and "Bob" Burdette, we have seen the last of that ghostly drop-curtain, "The Boston Tea Party," "Billy" Dunn gazed at it intently and remarked that the men were more wooden than the boats. Apparently, it was the first time the Rev. "Bob" had realized its enormity and he suffered, too.

Director Conried tells a story of the embarrassment evinced by a young woman at a reception given to Madame Melba in Philadelphia last year. It appears that the young woman in question was an ardent admirer of the songstress, and that to mutual friends she had previously expressed her intense desire to meet the celebrity. When, however, her turn came to be presented to Melba, the young woman was so completely overcome that she lost her self-possession entirely. Blushing deeply and twisting about the rings on her fingers, she managed to gasp: "You—er—you—er—sing, I believe."

"Getting Away" Night.

One expects something better from Mr. Conried than the "getting away" tactics of a circus. "Lucia" after "Parsifal" was like a soufflé after a steak, a very rich dessert but on this occasion considerably stunted. Mr. Conried's representatives—he was not here himself—had received their money and when

that vital feature had been disposed of, all they seemed anxious about was to get away as quickly as possible. And so they decided to bunco the people as much as possible, despite the positive assurances to Manager Behymer that "Lucia" would be given in its entirety. Behymer had probably not forgotten how Grau cut "The Huguenots" on the last night of the previous grand opera engagement. On Tuesday night imperative orders were given that "Lucia" should be rushed through at breakneck speed and it was also decided to cut about one-third of the opera out of the performance. To everybody's astonishment and the chagrin of those already seated, Director Vigna commenced the overture at five minutes before eight o'clock, the advertised time. In consequence, the enjoyment of the overture and the first scene of the first act was considerably interfered with by the ushering of people to their seats. The second scene of the first act was lifted bodily. The insistent demand for an encore of the sextet, a demand invariably complied with, was almost rudely ignored by the Director, who, of course, was acting under orders. Caruso, who was singing for the last time in America this year, made it quite obvious that he did not approve of the management's tactics. A great personal triumph was in store for him, and he was conscious of the fact. To perdition, then, with the management that would put kinks in his triumph! He recovered himself, and forgot his troubles before the last act, singing the final aria divinely. And of course, the triumph was waiting for him, and he took the time to respond to three or four curtain calls and with ingenuous Italian enthusiasm pulled off his Edgardo wig to show us how he really looked. The audience was as enthusiastic as it could be under the circumstances, but many men looked at their watches and, discovering that it was only 10.15, realized that they had had just two hours of music at \$3.50 an hour! It was sordid but not unreasonable. It is also too bad that Herr Conried was on the Atlantic Ocean instead of in Los Angeles, so that we didn't have an opportunity to tell him what we think of him, his rapid fire "Lucia," his scenery and a few other things.

Behymer Rewarded.

The great financial success of the brief opera season is a matter of general satisfaction, inasmuch as Len Behymer has been fairly rewarded for his pluck, enterprise and energy. On all sides one has heard expressions of genuine pleasure at this result. No man in Los Angeles knows more people than Behymer, and no man numbers more friends. A dozen times he has been knocked out by the refusal of Angelenos to recognize the worth of the musical attractions he has brought here, but every time "Bee" has come up smiling, to try once more. At least, his profits from "Parsifal" and "Lucia" will balance a number of other deficits and everybody hopes that "Bee" is now on "velvet." The "Parsifal" house amounted to \$13,500; the "Lucia" performance receipts were in the neighborhood of \$10,000. Behymer had to deposit \$16,000 as a guarantee before one of Conried's song-birds would open his mouth, and it cost over \$2,000 "to place" the show—local expenses. Deducting subsequent percentages, the popular impressario should be three or four thousand dollars to the good. And "Bee" has earned every cent of it.



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factor and a great credit to the city, but it is distressing to find that year after year the burden of a deficit has to be borne by a devoted few. It is well known that but for the generosity of one lady, Mrs. I. B. Newton, the Orchestra would several years ago have died a natural death; in fact, if it had not been for Mrs. Newton, it would probably not have been born. For the last year Mrs. Newton has been in Europe, but, happily, her mantle fell upon other able and willing shoulders. As acting president of the Symphony Orchestra Association, Mrs. Hugh McNeil has rendered indefatigable and invaluable service. The same old deficit—\$1500 or so—faced the directors again this season, but Mrs. McNeil led the campaign with such energy and enthusiasm that at the last meeting of the directors the deficit was wiped out. This assures at least one more season of symphony concerts, but some day these good ladies and their friends may weary of shouldering such a burden for the benefit of the public, which year after year refuses to respond in anything like adequate measure. The eighth and last concert of the season will be given at the Mason Opera House, Friday afternoon, May. 9.

Howard Huntington's Dilemma.

Some good people have been trying to make a match for Howard Huntington ever since he came to Los Angeles two years or so ago. That they have not as yet succeeded is no fault of their own. It remained, however, for a demented lady to cause a sensation by taking out a license in San Bernardino to marry the young street railroad manager. Huntington, Jr., was in San Francisco at the time, delightfully oblivious of his impending fate. At this writing he has not returned from San Francisco to receive the joshes that the wits of the California and Jonathan clubs have prepared for him. He was always of a retiring disposition and it is feared that this newspaper sensation may still further banish all thoughts of matrimony from his mind. One newspaper, the San Francisco Call, in endeavoring to set its readers right concerning Howard Huntington and his matrimonial intentions, declared last Monday that the best evidence of the absurdity of the San Bernardino story was that his engagement to an estimable young lady of Los Angeles had been announced some months ago. Here again is news for young Huntington and his friends.

The Preacher Saith.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;

"Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

"Rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth;

"Beareth all things, believeth all things; hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Charity never faileth."

About once a week I am treated to remarks about the inquisitiveness and heartlessness of the newspapers. "Newspaper," be it understood, is synonymous with "Satan" for very many otherwise worthy persons. I am told that newspapers ought to be regulated in some manner; that inasmuch as they have no charity for others they should be curbed. Several years' experience has taught me

that such expressions come either from the inexperienced or from scalawags. And I resent the imputation that newspapers have no charity. The events of this week prove it. The most sensational story of the week is known in every daily newspaper office in Los Angeles—and it isn't published because the newspapers of the city have been and are charitable to a decent man. After this, rest assured, I have no patience with those who dilate on the general cussedness of newspapers. For the benefit of the heathen I might add that the quotation at the head of this paragraph is from Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.

A woman from Sault Ste. Marie
Said: "Painters who dault pte the sie
Don't tint the waves blue,
As I think they should do;
They use green, or they seem tault tault mie."
—Exchange.

The Jews and the Jonathan Club.

The Jonathan Club has stirred up a hornet's nest by declaring its policy that "no more Jews shall be admitted into the Club." A similar prejudice has for many years existed in the California Club, and only a few months ago one of the leading Hebrews in the city, a merchant prince and a philanthropist, resigned because his son-in-law who was a candidate for membership was "turned down." Such individual distinctions—provided always that the individual candidate is a gentleman and congenial to the spirit and traditions of the club—are absurd and a survival of a prejudice that has disappeared from almost all other walks of life. The Jews maintain that their only difference from other Americans is in the matter of religious belief; primarily, they are American citizens and very good citizens too. They insist that it is as unfair to refer to them as "Jews" in civic or social life as it would be to label other citizens "Catholics," "Methodists" or "Christian Scientists." The only serious objection that I have ever heard urged against the admission of Jews into Gentile clubs is that they are exceedingly clamorous, that they "get together" and almost before the Gentile realizes it they are in command of the works and are "running" the establishment. Such an objection is obviously based on fear—fear that even in club life the Jew's energy and organizing power may prove superior to those of the Gentile. But the Jonathan should be the last club in the world to make such restrictions, for what are Jonathans without Davids?

Mr. Irvine's Circulars.

Mr. James B. Irvine, secretary of the Los Angeles Voters' League, is still consuming much ink and paper in circulars. Two more budgets of Mr. Irvine's literature have reached me during the last week. Among the circulars is a list of 664 names of "persons invited to become members." I fail to see what possible value such a list can be, especially

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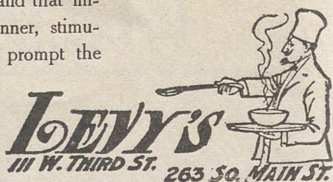


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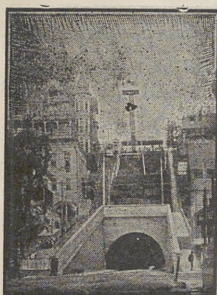
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as I know it contains names of men who have positively refused to join Mr. Irvine's league and who have unmistakably voiced their disapproval of the movement. Mr. Irvine ingenuously explains "that necessary compliance with judicious rules has compelled the omission of the names of many whom we desire to have join the League." It would be interesting to know what are Mr. Irvine's ideas of "judicious rules." Is it judicious to publish a list of 664 names of "persons invited to become members?" In the loose way in which men glance at circulars, is not such a list calculated to create a false impression? I understand, however, that Mr. Irvine has secured the names of one hundred citizens who are willing to pay 25 cents a month for the support of the League. If the Municipal League were exhibiting any sign of infirmity or a decline in usefulness, there might be a place for the Voters' League, but the Municipal League was never stronger than it is today nor better equipped to fulfill its mission. It would doubtless please the corporation politicians and enemies of good government to see the ranks of the reformers split in twain, but I do not think there is any danger of the Voters' League bringing about any such result.

What changes in a pair we see

When they are wed, alas!

For what has once been "repartee"

Degenerates to "sass."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Saloons to Close.

I have frequently expressed in these columns my sincere admiration for the noble work that Francis Murphy is doing for the cause of temperance. Brother Murphy knows human nature, and knows that the cure for drunkenness is not by legislation but by reaching the individual's heart and mind. In his address last Sunday night Mr. Murphy said: "There is no law in this city to compel a man to drink intoxicating liquor. To stop this traffic in intoxicating liquor, let every man close his own saloon; the saloon between the nose and chin. This is possible and practicable. If there is a man in this house tonight who is drinking liquor let him come and sign this pledge, and prove that he can and will close his own saloon."

The Turn of the Card.

"Don't you know," mused Fred Hines the other day, "that there is a period in every man's life when he believes it is his time to make a killing? Business ventures have come and gone, life has been speeding away and he has always been wondering when his day would come to make a big stake, and he gets a hunch that it's his turn. Didn't you ever know this? Well, ask every successful man if he hasn't had such a hunch at just the right time. Sure he has! Your little item about 'W. J. R.'s' Tiffany watch last week suggested what has happened, we believe. Lots of mining propositions floating about, you know, and some of them are bound to win. Well, 'Billy' Rouse had his eyes open when we sent him to Searchlight for the Equitable Life a few months ago, and in addition to gathering in about every dollar of life insurance there was in sight in that prosperous camp, he also gathered in about a hundred acres of mineral land right in the middle of the known field surrounded on three sides by the largest paying

mines in the district. The Boulder Mining Company was incorporated with five friends as the directorate, and we commenced to dig, under the direction of the oldest engineer in Searchlight, Mr. W. H. Bainbridge. Some of the wise ones there wanted to know of Bainbridge if he was digging a well. Others wanted to know whether he expected to strike values in less than a mile or so, but he kept on. Last Friday the bottom of the mine blew out and we dropped into a solid formation that has got them all guessing. Lately, some of the mining engineers have admitted that 'if we went far enough' we would possibly get something that would set them all crazy—something like a ledge that would go \$15 to \$20 a ton straightaway. And this would be twice as good as anything yet found in Searchlight at a depth of 100 feet, for the high values there come at great depths. Well, last Friday, we shot the bottom out of the shaft, so to speak, and struck the real thing. But it didn't go \$15 a ton—not exactly. The lowest assay from entirely around the shaft went a little more than \$39, and we have opened up not less than a dozen strata of ore throughout the shaft and drifts in about 135 feet that will go from \$39 to \$500 a ton. Stock for sale? Not any, nor have you ever heard of any offered. This is just a close proposition for a little spending money and we almost believe we will have all we need."

A lassie was lhost down in Lhassa,
A cowboy just tried to walk phassa,
She snatched all his cash
And was off with a dash
But he lhassod the lhass lhost in Lhassa.
—New York Evening Sun.

Waters's Little Band.

I hear that the neighbors of Ex-Congressman R. J. Waters are thinking of holding a mass meeting and addressing a memorial to Mrs. Waters, thanking her for extinguishing most of the performances of the Waters brass band. Mr. Waters lives at the corner of Adams and Portland streets and for months prior to his recent marriage it was the custom of the Waters clan to gather for a little music. The neighbors tell me that it is their sincere belief that the leader of the Waters band barred string and reed instruments and that the brasses were coached that energy was the first requisite to success. At any rate there has been an abatement of the band at the residence of the banker and ex-congressman, and the neighbors believe that only one theory of the cause of this abatement is tenable. Property around Adams and Portland streets is said to have advanced sharply in the last few months.

Bradbury's Coffin Nails.

John Bradbury is always original in his financial undertakings as in other matters. His latest venture is a cigarette factory at Mazatlan. He has established a \$50,000 plant there and is turning out coffin nails by the million. It is certain to be a profitable venture—for some one.

Kearns' First Dress Suit.

W. P. O'Meara of Salt Lake and Goldfield has been in the city for some days. So has former Senator Tom Kearns of Salt Lake. O'Meara knew Kearns when he first made his fortune, and tells this story about his first visit to New York. It was at the Waldorf-Astoria. Kearns had no evening clothes,

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and was told by O'Meara that they were a necessity, so he secured a suit by a rush order, and went to dinner in them. "Come and breakfast with me," he said to O'Meara as they parted. O'Meara agreed and was on hand in the morning. "Kearns came down in the elevator," says his friend, "clad in the same evening suit, looking as pleased as Punch. 'Say I like these clothes all right,' he said to me. 'all except those patent leather shoes. They hurt my feet. I could not stand them this morning.' I glanced down at his feet and saw a brilliant yellow

pair of shoes." What happened afterwards Mr. O'Meara does not say. That's the story as a friend of O'Meara's told it to me. To look at Kearns is to make one doubt the story, but O'Meara is a mining man, and they are never known to josh each other.

The Lomita Mint Julep.

While still in the throes of composing his speech on "The Saturnalia of Undemocracy" for the Tammany Club's Jefferson banquet, John W. Mitchell received an urgent missive from England. Among Mr. Mitchell's most precious possessions is an incomparable mint bed; among his varied accomplishments is the mixing of an irresistible mint julep. Some English friends were staying at Lomita, some months ago, and among their treasured recollections of Southern California Mitchell's mint juleps retain a firm and delightful impression. Now they want to know the secret. To the Virginian the ordinary mint julep with its assorted fruits on top is an abomination, and he has the utmost scorn for the mixologist who dares to crush his mint. John W. can wax as eloquent on the subject of the true mint julep as upon harmony in the Democracy. So when his English friends wrote to inform him that the fame of the Lomita mint julep has ascended even unto the ear of King Edward, Mitchell laid aside his "Saturnalia" essay and released the receipt for consumption in Great Britain, as follows—the only true and irreproachable "Virginia Mint Julep":

Ingredients:

2 tea-spoons sugar
3 table-spoons water
12 shoots of mint

3 table-spoons American Bourbon or Rye Whiskey.

Dissolve in a long, thin glass, two tea-spoons of sugar in three table-spoons of water with four or five tender shoots of mint; then add three table-spoons of American Bourbon or Rye Whiskey, then stir well but do not crush the mint; then fill glass with ice crushed fine in a coarse linen cloth; then garnish with long spears of mint a la bouquet; then let stand until glass is well frosted.

Then drink with nose deep in the spears of mint the finest concoction ever invented for a warm day.

Caution: Do not drink many at one time.

From Levy's to Levy.

Abe Levy, the Catalina Island club impressario, has captured one of Al Levy's most valued men, Fay Smith, who can compound any gustatorial conceit that the fastidious demand. Fay Smith's departure from the Third street cafe was made the occasion of presenting a testimonial from the men who draw salary from Al Levy. The testimonial was inscribed on brown paper and was signed by every employee with his full title. There was the "head oyster man" and the "head cook" and the "head dish-washer," and all of the other handles of rank and station. The final signature was "Strobel, Chief Trouble Man." One thing is certain—if Fay Smith tires of Catalina, Los Angeles has use for him.

Cigarette Smokers.

The impossible has happened. Fred Harkness has stopped smoking cigarettes. This is greater courage than John Gaffey has ever shown. Gaffey has stopped smoking them sometimes for five minutes. After all the talk about the baneful effects of cigarettes, it is encouraging to find some bright minds who find comfort in this maligned method of smoking. Even Senator Frank Flint, when he finds him-

self with an old comrade, after looking about to see that no reformer is in sight, will take a brown paper and fill it with tobacco and puff away in all the joy that comes from doing something surreptitious. J. Ross Clark is another millionaire whose index finger will sometimes show the tell-tale brown, although he is a pillar of the Y. M. C. A. Sumner Hunt, though he does not look it, has the same habit, and Frank Thomas occasionally falls. I am now talking about real cigarettes, the rolled-by-the-consumer kind, not those degrading evil-smelling affairs made of white paper in cardboard boxes, which infest the theater lobbies 'tween acts. In fact I rolled a cigarette the other day before the immaculate Willie Childs, and he threw away a cigar he had in his mouth and asked for a paper and tobacco. But if you want to know all about cigarettes ask R. W. Burnham.

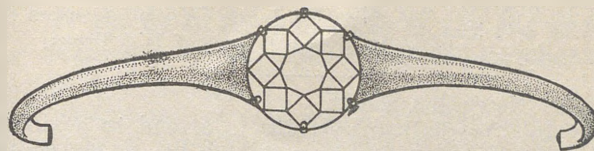
Bilicke's Sticktoitiveness.

Those unsuccessful men who write books on How To Succeed, and similar topics, always lay great stress on the talent of sticking to one thing and sticking to it hard. I can cite one instance of the value of sticktoitiveness which has produced a most notable example of success, in the person of the amiable A. C. Bilicke of the Hollenbeck Hotel. Out of that very comfortable but unpretentious hostelry Mr. Bilicke has made a fortune that is close onto seven figures long. He does not stick his name on a granite stone in front of his buildings, so they are not forced on public attention as his, but along Spring street and Broadway he has a lot of them, besides many similarly profitable investments in San Francisco. If Bilicke lives a few years longer he will be among the richest half dozen men in the city.

The teacher was describing her encounter with an impertinent tramp. "And then," said she, "I fainted." "Wit' yer left or wit' yer right, ma'am?" promptly inquired little Johnny Jimfries, the pugilist's son.

Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove.

On account of the splendid condition of the roads via Ahwahnee and Wawona, and the great volumes of water coming over the falls, travel to the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove of Big Trees has commenced earlier and been greater than ever before. It has been a curious winter in the Sierra. So little snow has fallen in the valleys and in the roads that the latter have been open nearly all winter and are now clear of snow and mud, while the snow upon the higher Sierra has been much deeper than for many years, and, melting, has swollen the rivers that pour over the precipitous sides of the Valley to a greater extent than for twenty years. Away into July there will be great volumes in the four great waterfalls this year, but at the same time the knowing ones are aware of the fact that the earlier they go the more beautiful and enrapturing are all the sights. Just at present the road from Raymond is in excellent condition, and will be like a macadamized pike all through April and May. The Yosemite Valley has no rival; no other gorge has such tremendous domes nor such majestic waterfalls and there are more of them than in all Switzerland. The bulk of travel just at present is composed of Easterners who have been staying in Southern California during the winter and are now returning home, although quite a number of our own people are booking for the last weeks



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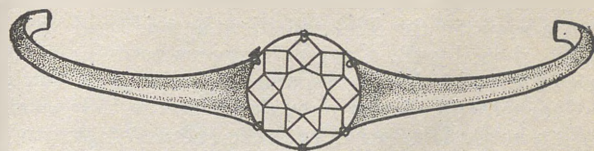
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Chutes Park -- Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

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in April and the first weeks in May. As is well known the trip via Raymond and Wawona takes in Ahwahnee and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

Walter Newhall's Hours.

Walter Newhall knows how to attend to business in the philosophic manner which adds to longevity and health. I passed his office door recently and read his office hours card: "10:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m." He's as wise as he is joyous.

"General" Falkenberg.

You have read quite a bit lately about "General" Falkenberg of the Chinese Imperial Reform Army who tried to mix-up with General Homer Lea, and was disavowed by His Excellency Kang Yu Wei, the head of the Reform party. It turns out that Falkenberg is my old friend "Dick" Falkenberg of local fame some seven or eight years ago. John Gaffey, it will be recalled, persuaded Falkenberg that he possessed remarkable hypnotic powers and could lick Billy Manning by displaying a bit of bright metal in his hand. Falkenberg believed the story and agreed to fight Billy at old Turner Hall. The event proved that Billy was not a good psychic, for before the first round had fairly commenced Billy hit the "General" a jab under the ear, and he sailed through the air off the stage bringing up under the piano in the auditorium. Falkenberg had been a scout in the Riel rebellion, he said, and won a medal given by the Canadian government for valor. Any of the old time newspaper men like Bill Taylor or George Miller know enough about the "General" to fill a book. His career with the reform army would seem to indicate that he still believes in his hypnotic power.

Beyond Frank Rule.

Apropos of hypnotism, Ferd Rule's eldest son, Frank, plys the art as an amusement, and has performed some feats that equal those of Tyndall. There is a fortune teller in the city about whom the society folk have become dotty. Young Rule heard about her and he tried to discover her methods, for he is as clever at legerdemain as in hypnotism, but she stumped him completely, as she has all of the polite and some of the impolite world of the city.

"Why did you stay away yesterday, Jimmy?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, myver's ill," replied Jimmy.

"Oh, that's bad," said the teacher, "what does the doctor say it is?"

"Please, ma'am, he says it's a girl."

A Shakespearean Week.

Next Sunday, Easter, will not only be the greatest and gladdest of the Christian festivals, but it is also the anniversary of William Shakespeare's birth. "April 23 will be celebrated the world over by lovers of his genius," writes the corresponding secretary of the Galpin Shakespeare Club. At Stratford-on-Avon the entire week will be devoted to special celebrations, and here in Los Angeles we shall have a celebration all of our own. The best Shakespeare company at present in America, headed by Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn, will be at the Mason throughout the week. The Shakespeare clubs will have a busy time. Tomorrow evening the Pasadena Shakespeare Club presents "Much Ado About Nothing." On Monday evening the Galpin Club will have

their annual distribution of prized certificates at Cumnock Hall. These certificates are granted only to ladies who have studied not less than twenty plays with Mrs. Galpin. Scenes from "Love's Labor Lost" will be given by the eighteen ladies who are to receive certificates. The Woman's Orchestra will contribute to the program. A special program is being arranged for next Friday afternoon for a celebration by all the Shakespeare Clubs in this locality, and it is hoped that Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn will be guests of honor. On Thursday morning Mrs. Galpin will lecture on Stratford-on-Avon.

Friday Morning Presidency.

If, writes my club correspondent, Mrs. Ernest Foster should consent to oppose Mrs. Roy Jones in a contest for the presidency of the Friday Morning Club, the situation would furnish a mild surprise in clubdom. It is considered very doubtful whether she could be induced to do so, although her friends are diligently seeking to work up a campaign for her while she is in Europe. For several years a number of her friends have wanted to see Mrs. Foster in the chair. As one of the vice presidents she from time to time presided when Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst was president, and there is no doubt that she made an excellent chairman. Nobody is prepared to say, either, that she would not have accepted the nomination at the last annual election, had Mrs. Jones been unwilling to run. As it was, Mrs. Foster protested to her friends that she did not want the presidency, and urged them not to put her name before the club. It was finally withdrawn after some embarrassment. There seems to be little doubt that Mrs. Jones will be a candidate this year, although I hear she is personally indifferent. She is very popular, and no evident reason exists why she should not serve another term. Mrs. W. H. Wadleigh is also suggested for the presidency, but there is no reason to believe that she seeks the honor at this time. When Mrs. Foster comes home it is not unlikely that she will silence all further discussion in her behalf, by refusing to be considered for the office. Last year she served on the program committee, and did excellent work in this capacity.

For an Art Exhibit.

If the club women of Los Angeles succeed in their efforts to establish a permanent art gallery in this city, they will have accomplished much for the educational interests of the community. The idea had its inception with the Ruskin Art Club, of which Mrs. W. H. Housh, one of the most enthusiastic of art students, is president. A delegation from every leading club in the city attended a meeting this week which Mrs. Housh had called to discuss plans for the gallery. For years there has been much profitless prattle about the possibilities of Los Angeles as an art center, and there have been many suggestions as to what might be done if some man of wealth would endow a gallery where the best pictures might be hung. The club women have done little useless talking. The art exhibits which have been given here have satisfied them that a permanent gallery would be appreciated, and they have gone to work with a will to bring about the desired result with as little waste of time and money as possible. The appropriation of \$400 by the Ruskin Club for the preliminary expenses proved that these

women meant business, and it seems not unlikely that some wealthy person, recognizing their steadfastness of purpose and the practical methods which they propose to employ, will yet come forward with a handsome donation towards the commendable enterprise.

Chapters Estranged.

When Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, gives its annual ball, shortly after Easter, will Los Angeles Chapter be represented, and is there any reason to suppose that the two divisions will enjoy an evening together? This is the big event of the year for Robert E. Lee Chapter, and one might suppose that the sister chapter would rejoice with it, but there are reasons why this may not be, except, perhaps so far as individual members are concerned. The estrangement between these chapters, which had its inception at the election of state regent in San Francisco two years ago, has never been bridged, although the Southern women who make up the organization are well versed in the courtesies which make smooth sailing on the surface of things. Mrs. Victor Montgomery, the state presiding officer, who won the fight for the office over her northern competitor, is entertained during her present visit to Los Angeles by a member of the Los Angeles Chapter, Mrs. Albert M. Stephens being her hostess. Mrs. Stephens was one of the prime upholders of Mrs. Montgomery's cause when the latter's name came up as a candidate for a second term of office at the last state meeting held in Los Angeles. Robert E. Lee Chapter put forth every effort to help elect a candidate supported by the northern delegations, and the fight was almost as close as that in San Francisco had been.

'De Profundis.'

My friend, the Bookseller, tells me that he sold out his supply of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" in ten days, and that he had doubled his original order. He also informs me that the interest in Wilde's prison philosophy has caused a demand for other of his works. In England, several of his plays have been revived, and a one-act play, "The Flower o' the Rose," has been produced for the first time. It is only a few years ago that Wilde's name was taboo in all decent society, and when a Wilde play was revived it was "By the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'" Thus may Time expiate the vilest sin. "De Profundis" is a most remarkable book, if only for the rare beauty of its English. Wilde was a consummate poser and it is difficult to get away from the fear that his penitence was a pose. He came to regard his punishment as a revelation and to accept the gospel of sorrow, for he says:

I now see that sorrow, being the supreme emotion of which man is capable, is at once the type and best of all great art.

I have, after terrible difficulties and struggles, been able to comprehend some of the lessons hidden in the heart of pain. Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom, sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation.

There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be illusions of the eye or the appetite made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

Pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

Once more 'tis summer, and it is to laugh just for the very joy of living in this glorious land of sunshine! In the East they are just beginning to take notice through blizzards, fogs, cloud-bursts, and winter miseries. And here we are in golden summer weather, shopping to our hearts' content in anticipation of a long drawn out cloudless summer's day. No wonder that our stores are decked in gladsome, coolest of garments, and the winter jackets, warm wraps, and furs, have been requested to go away, away back, etc. It is truly delightful to see all the pretty new things they have opened up in the stores this week. And what a rush there is in every one of them. I don't believe even the Christmas season brings forth so many eager, determined "buyers" as does this glad Eastertide.

On Broadway for instance, at the Unique where I stopped for a moment quite early the other morning, I found the place crowded, and the doorway full of speculative purchasers all bent on admiring the new summer gowns. And there they are "O. K." I can assure you. I saw some linen suits, plain white, grey, green, and speckled, with the latest kind of jacket effect—simply perfect in style and cut. A wierd shade of red in this linen suit made an exceedingly effective costume, with white yoke and straight stole, and the new corset laced-up belt. They have some darling little Bolero jacket suits, in linen wash goods also at the Unique. One, in black and white with embroidered waist, was certainly a stunner.

At Matheson and Berner's, the only exponents of the inimitable Forsyth garments in this city, I was shown some most stylish summer silk shirt-waist suits. They are made of the very best chiffon taffeta—the kind that absolutely refuses to "cut" and break away in inconvenient places, while the tucked skirts fit the figure like a glove. These silk suits come in silver greys, greens, browns and tans, and are about the most effective and yet inexpensive summer garments imaginable.

Novelties in Women's Neckwear

Fancy Stocks and Jabots of Chiffon and Lawn, trimmed with Applique and Embroidery; Chemisettes; Ruching in Princess Louise Style; Yokes and Guimps, some with sleeves or cuffs to match, 75c to \$12.50; Collar and Cuff sets in plain or embroidered linen, and other essentially feminine frills.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.,

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Between Third and Fourth Streets

Last week I think I told you about my latest craze—the embroidery and needlework as taught in the Boston Store. Well, now, my dear, I can show off the result of my labors in that direction in an entirely novel and I think most artistic manner. At Coulter's big establishment on Broadway I discovered the prettiest stamped linen summer outing and beach hats. I don't know if I can make you "see" them so as to be understandable, but they are quite a charming novelty, and I must try to give you an idea. Firstly, you go to Coulter's art department, and ask in your sweetest voice to see a stamped linen hat, and you will be shown what looks like a table center marked out in any flower or pattern you like. A smaller mat also comes with your purchase, and all the silks and shades you want at so much per "hat." Then at home you settle down and embroider in lilies or poppies or open work. Scallop the drooping edge. Purchase a big flat wire frame, line the brim with anything shirred you like from silk "maline" to "silkaline." Make three or four "pom-pom" bows of knotted velvet ribbon, in the same shades as your own handiwork, jab them effectively on the side front, look in the glass, and lo! you have the most up-to-date and picturesque of wash hats, and all made by your very own self. These linen "mats" or hats come from a dollar up—it all depends upon how much has been already worked for you. Of course these are morning, or seaside hats, meant to wear with the pretty linen embroidered suits.

But for a Hat (with a capital H), the real thing, you must go to Spier's on the corner of Hill and Third streets. My dear girl, you were mistaken when you took your friend up to that smart place, under the impression that she could have an exact copy of a swell French Chapeau at half the price, made by Spier. If I said so, I am sorry and take it all back! What I wanted to explain to you and yours was, that the Spier Hat was not only a "thing of beauty" but quite as dainty and stylish as anything she or you would want to buy. They (the Spiers) never copy, or duplicate, their swell French importations, but, nevertheless, the talent displayed in the local "Spier" seems to equal all the French creations in town.

But "revenons aux nous moutons." What shall I tell you of? "Mais Oui!" "The Ville!" the charming "Ville de Paris." And if you care to, you certainly can see some fascinating things there for Easter gifts—or for the matter of that, any other old time. The Ville has just now a display of the most novel and up-to-date hair-combs, these pretty

things we gaze at nowadays in the back hair, done a la Dutch roll, of our pretty girls, lovely women, godly matrons, etc., etc., at the theaters. Don't you find something fascinating about a pretty jeweled hair-comb in a well groomed female head? You pin your eye onto it, and through all the music, the melodrama or even the "legs," you don't seem to forget it. You kind of carry it home with you, eh? Well, to get a comb like that to make the next girl green with envy, go to the Ville and see the lovely assortment of ear-combs, side-combs, back-combs, neck-combs (and all kinds of combs) they have there. Jeweled or plain, filigree or gold, they are most delicate and becoming adornments for any coiffure.

Upstairs, on the second floor of the Boston Store, I want to tell you, they have just this very afternoon opened up case after case of the most "elegant" (hopeless word) dress waists you ever saw. You never saw anything more dangerously alluring in your life, than these self same silk and lace waists. Nowadays, of course, you must button up the back—that is in silks and lace inserted waists. 'Tis a merciful providence, methinks, that the open-worked waists are all made thus, when you come to investigate the fascinating dangers of a peek-aboo. They are lovely—in chiffon taffeta, with latherings of lace insertions criss-crossed, straight or tucked, full, soft and very "ample" in bust. What matter? In these blousy days don't you know, 'tis impossible to "protest too much."

Well, my dear, of course, I had all sorts of excellent reasons for dropping into Blackstone's. I am very fond of that store. It is run in a most quiet and thoroughbred manner, and there you may be sure you always get "your money's worth." So I investigated some of their pretty Easter novelties and found a whole counter of pretty things and was ministered to by a lovely maiden with big brown eyes. First, I looked at hand bags—these dainty things that the very soul of the "best girl" loveth—and they have a stock of the "cutest and neatest, prettiest and sweetest" hand bags in the wide, wide world. Lined in Dresden silk with all sorts of little necessary "unnecessaries" in long reticule shape, or "squatty" with cunning hold fast handles. I also saw at Blackstones some of the loveliest buckles and jeweled belts, all inlaid with tender California stones, in blues and greens and aquamarines. In no other country in the world could you purchase a golden buckle set with sapphires or emeralds or amethysts at half the price you can right here in California. And if the Easterners could only "get on" to the fact, they would find that at Blackstone's they can make a selection at a most modest price and take home a souvenir worth the keeping.

Now all this chat is of interest to women only but I had also to inspect some mannish garments at George P. Taylor's on Broadway, that probably might appeal equally to both sexes. It is so hard to find a gift for a man that he doesn't, deep down in his manly breast, heartily despise. So I will let you onto an idea of how and where to run into something right and very much up-to-date for your stalwart hubby. At Taylor's you will find an assortment of the very latest things in walking sticks and canes. The proper thing in canes is a light ash or malacca absolutely plain. Taylor is showing a lovely assortment of gloves, neck-ties, waistcoats, etc., this week in preparation for the Easter dress

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parade. Did your man order the grey frock coat and white waistcoat I suggested? Don't let him sport any unnecessary jewelry please. He has a weakness that way at times and Mr. Taylor, who knows how to turn out the well groomed gentleman, better than any one in town, assures me that any display of that kind is in execrable form.

Well, my child, a happy Easter is the wish of,
Always affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., April Nineteenth.

Over The Teacups

By a few simple, well-defined rules you always may know the woman who affects to appreciate grand opera when she does not. She sat near me at "Parsifal" the other night, and from her remarks I gathered that the shifting woodland scenery was "perfectly sweet"; also that one theme of the orchestra music was "divinely pretty." But it was only at intervals that she gave her attention to the stage, for the boxes and the body of the house held an attraction which could not be overlooked in order that grand opera might have the supreme right of way. "Is that Judge Chapman's family?" I heard at one time. "Did Mary Chapman ever look more magnificent than in that pink silk; and Anna—figured silk, with lace, isn't it? Handsome young women, aren't they, dear? You know I had the most frightful time matching this rose silk for the lining of my opera cloak, and I was determined to have it finished for 'Parsifal.' Oh! there is Mrs. Charlie Walton, all in white. I almost wish I had decided on white instead of this pea green. You can never make a mistake on white, I say." All this time the splendid scene between Parsifal and Kundry was in progress, and when the singers received an enthusiastic curtain call the woman in the box began to realize that something had been doing on the stage. She clasped her hands ecstatically, turned her head in the right direction, and breathed, "Now, isn't that just too dear?" Taking into consideration the prices at which seats were sold, it occurred to me that in this one instance she might be speaking

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(from her own standpoint) with all sincerity. After that the Wagnerian music was punctured here and there with softly breathed comments about somebody's shoulders—"too lean, don't you know, for decollete," and then there was a comment about the bride-to-be, who wore a large hat with pink roses and white plumes, and sat in the body of the house.

But it is not every day you can make a man say he likes grand opera when he would rather be at the Orpheum, and if he goes with his wife, just to please her, he makes no pretense of enjoying the music. Cosmo Morgan is one of those who would like to like Wagner, but cannot. He accompanied Mrs. Morgan to the auditorium Monday night and then went—to see "I-O-U" at the Mason! He confided his intentions to another man who had just seen his wife to the door, and was wondering how he would pass the evening. There was a look of mutual sympathy as the two pulled their hats a little lower over their eyes, and agreed that life is too short, etc. Mr. Morgan's friend went home and played cards with his nephew until the opera was over.

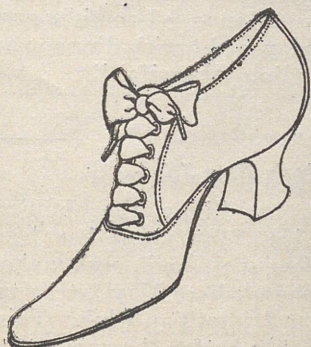
W. D. Woolwine was in the mood for criticism. The white aigrettes in Mrs. Woolwine's hat swept gracefully across his nose, until he struck out wildly as if waging war on a friendly mosquito. About that time an acquaintance in the crowd going out asked pleasantly, "How did you like it?" and Mr. Woolwine replied, "The music? O, I donnow. Those knights made me think of fellows in their bath robes."

The proximity of the California Club to Hazard's Pavilion and "Parsifal" was very convenient for members and their women folk. Those who cared to solve the dressing problem—to dress for the first act and undress for the remainder—could do so in time and comfort at the club. Mr. Valley had his hands full in feeding the famished Parsifalites, for

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over a hundred people dined in the Annex alone. Dozens of cosy little dinners were given here and also at the leading hotels and cafes. Early in the day Walter Newhall, who combines sound sense with full knowledge of the correct thing to do, declared his revolt against a double dressing for "Parsifal." So he donned a frock coat and a silk coat in the afternoon and comfortably stuck to them till midnight. His example was followed by many other clubmen, including John Byrne, who is always well but quietly dressed. In the afternoon there were all kinds of male apparel. John B. Miller, in a light check tweed and a straw hat, rubbed elbows with Col. Lankershim in opera hat and Inverness cape, and so on.

"Neglect to dress your best at Easter time—the crows will peck you and you will be pursued by bad luck." That is an old English adage which is being repeated in Los Angeles for the benefit of certain reformers who are beginning an agitation against the Easter bonnet and gown. Judging from the commotion in one or two circles, there hardly will be a fresh bit of millinery nor a dainty dress in any of the fashionable churches next Sunday, for half a dozen society women threaten to start a crusade against new clothes for this season, believing, they say, that it is little short of vulgar to go on dress parade when people should be giving their undivided attention to the Easter service. Mrs. John Mitchell laughed a little in her happy manner when she heard about the proposed crusade. "Of course," Mrs. Mitchell said, "I do not believe in over dress at any time, but if ever there is a season when one ought to put on pretty new clothes, it is at Easter time. No woman of good taste would make such a specialty of her Easter dress that her poorer sister might feel uncomfortable by way of contrast, but there is no woman on earth who cannot do something to show by her dress that she knows Easter is here. A new ribbon, if nothing more, ought to be worn, and I advocate good dressing for church as well as for theater. This custom of having new things for Easter had its origin, no doubt, in the pride which the young girls of the Catholic and Episcopal churches took in their white confirmation dresses, and the idea is a good one to promote so long as we

do not carry it too far. Why, the church should look like a flower in bloom Easter morning, and every bit of the Lenten gloom should be removed." I hear that the women of Christ Episcopal Church, to which Mrs. Mitchell belongs, will have none of the reform idea, and I know that a large number of beautiful gowns have been ordered for next Sunday. Dr. George Thomas Dowling is closing his rectorship in the parish, and although some of his parishioners feel like putting on sackcloth and ashes in consequence, I don't expect them to forego the glory of their glad rags.

Bolsa Chica is the most delightful retreat during Lent, or at any other time of the year, even when canvasback no longer grace the menu. Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell entertained a jolly house party over the last week end, including Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mossin, Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Miss Garland of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Miss Nina Jones and Miss Louise McFarland.

The musicale to be given next Tuesday evening by Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand, will be directed by Signor Jannotta, under whom Mrs. Rand studied in Chicago. The Signor is a little man, with an artistic temperament and a foreign accent, and he is proud of his former pupil. Mrs. Rand is receiving some attention from the gossips just now, and there are at least a few who would not be surprised, should the fascinating widow wed again before many months go by. Her name is linked with that of a well known bachelor, immersed in mercantile and ecclesiastical pursuits. I heard the situation reviewed at one of the pre-Lenten balls in Pasadena, at which Mrs. Rand looked like a Greek goddess, and had a string of admirers in her train. Mrs. Rand has been strict in her observance of the solemn season, refusing all invitations and devoting herself to her father, Hiram Higgins, whose health has caused his family much anxiety.

L. H. Nichols, secretary of state of Washington, is a guest at the Angelus, and Mrs. Nichols is with him. Mme. Sembrich and other stars of the Grand opera company were entertained there this week and Mr. and Mrs. E. Van Elton of Boston are also among Manager Loomis's guests. The grill was gay Monday night with dinner parties made up of people attending "Parsifal."

ANASTASIA.

Rigby's New Job.

Arthur Rigby, the popular young Scot, who for the last four years has been the Country Club's professional and club-maker, leaves shortly for Chicago, where May 1st he takes charge of the links of the Midlothian Club. This engagement, however, will only be for the summer, and "Wat" will return to Pico Heights in the Fall. He has made a fine record at the Country Club, both as a club-maker and as an attendant. Modest, unassuming, courteous and industrious, he is sure to prove as great a success at Midlothian as he has in Los Angeles. During Rigby's absence his duties at the Country Club will be undertaken by his assistant, Ernest Martin.

Where Are They?

Mrs. L. H. Dutton of 1633 South Flower street is in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Woollacott will be at home at the Hinman after May 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fisher of Redlands left Monday for a six months' tour in Europe.

The Rev. L. B. and Mrs. Ridgely left last Tuesday for San Francisco, en route to China.

Mrs. W. R. Gosewisch of 837 Beacon street is entertaining Miss Alice Eagle of Lexington, Mo.

Miss Nell Stone of Santa Barbara, has been the guest of Miss Elsie Laux of 630 Bixel street.

Mrs. Fred Kanst of Chicago is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kanst of 432 Westlake avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Hall have taken apartments at the St. Regis, 237 South Flower street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Witmer of West Third street are spending the week at their Lordsburg ranch.

Mrs. Marion Welsh of 748 Garland avenue is entertaining Mrs. Frank Murphy of Port Huron, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hendricks of Indianapolis are visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Henderson of 1257 West Fourth street.

Mrs. G. T. Higgins of St. Louis is visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark, Jr., of 438 Lake street.

Mrs. John Shirley Ward and Miss Ward of Manhattan Beach are the guests of Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson of 2212 West Eighth street.

Stewart Edward White, the author, and Mrs. White have been the guests of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McCay of South Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena.

Mrs. John G. Mott will receive the first two Fridays in May at 837 South Burlington street, instead of the last two Fridays of this month, as previously announced.

Mrs. Albert M. Stephens of 137 South Hill street has been entertaining Mrs. Victor Montgomery of Santa Ana, state president of the California division of the U. D. C.

Receptions, Etc.

April 15.—Mrs. J. J. Fay, Jr., 240 West Adams street; luncheon for Mrs. George Hume and Mrs. George I. Erwin of Muskegon, Mich.

April 15.—Miss Rowena Moore, 1001 Magnolia avenue; for Miss Stella Bumiller and Miss Clara Walton.

April 15.—Miss Ruth Atherton, 405 South Alvarado street; card party.

April 18.—Miss Florence Judd, 1437 Iowa street; for Tuesday High Five Club.

April 18.—Miss Florence Hopper, 441 West Twenty-third street; luncheon for Miss Clara Walton.

April 18.—Mrs. Frank B. Sturge, 145 North Gates street; at home.

April 20.—Mrs. Robert H. Reid, 1151 Lake street; luncheon for Miss Frances Fuller.

Anastasia's Date Book

April 22.—Miss Alfreda Blanchard, 2316 East Third street; for Students' Musical Club.

April 22.—Miss Pearl King, 244 North Belmont avenue; for Miss Irene Le Fetra of Glendora.

April 22.—Miss Alice Bates, 2840 South Grand avenue; for Miss Martha Bohan.

April 24.—Mrs. Charles H. McFarland, West Twenty-eighth street; for Mrs. Dan L. McFarland.

April 25.—Mrs. A. H. Naftzger, 2638 Portland street; tea.

April 25.—Mrs. George D. Cadwalader, Mrs. Moses N. Avery and Miss Avery; at home at Hotel Westmore.

April 25.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.; Easter ball at Kramer's.

April 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Higgins and Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand, 2619 Wilshire Boulevard; musical.

April 25.—Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, 7 Chester Place; luncheon for Mrs. Thomas T. Crittenden of Kansas City.

April 26.—Mrs. Van Leer Drouillard and Miss Ruth Jowett, 2678 Menlo avenue; for Au Fait Euchre Club.

April 26.—Mrs. Peter Janss, 850 South Bonnie Brae street; for Midday Luncheon Club.

April 26.—Mrs. A. E. Messerly, 826 South Burlington avenue; for Wednesday Drive Whist Club.

April 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Hotel Angelus; dance at Kramer's.

April 27.—Mrs. H. M. Howell, Avenue 66; for Garvanza Fortnightly Club.

April 27.—Mrs. Milbank Johnson, 360 Westlake avenue; for Miss Phila Johnson and Miss Ray Johnson.

April 27.—Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Ledbetter, 631 West Thirty-ninth street; for Iroquois Whist Club.

April 28.—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Pease, 2626 Romeo street; for Bohemian Whist Club.

May 4.—Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C.; dance and cards at Kramer's.

May 5.—Miss Helen Best, 1514 West Eighth street; for the W. W. Club.

Recent Weddings

April 16.—Mr. August Roberti to Miss Olive Crane at 548 South Workman street.

Approaching Weddings

April 26.—Mr. Samuel Copp to Miss Frances Fuller in St. John's.

April 26.—Mr. Paul Burks to Miss Stella Bumiller in Christ Church.

April 27.—Dr. W. H. Prescott of Berkeley to Miss Clara Walton of 755 West Adams street.

May 9.—Mr. Charles H. Temple to Miss Flora Morrell at 415 Court street.



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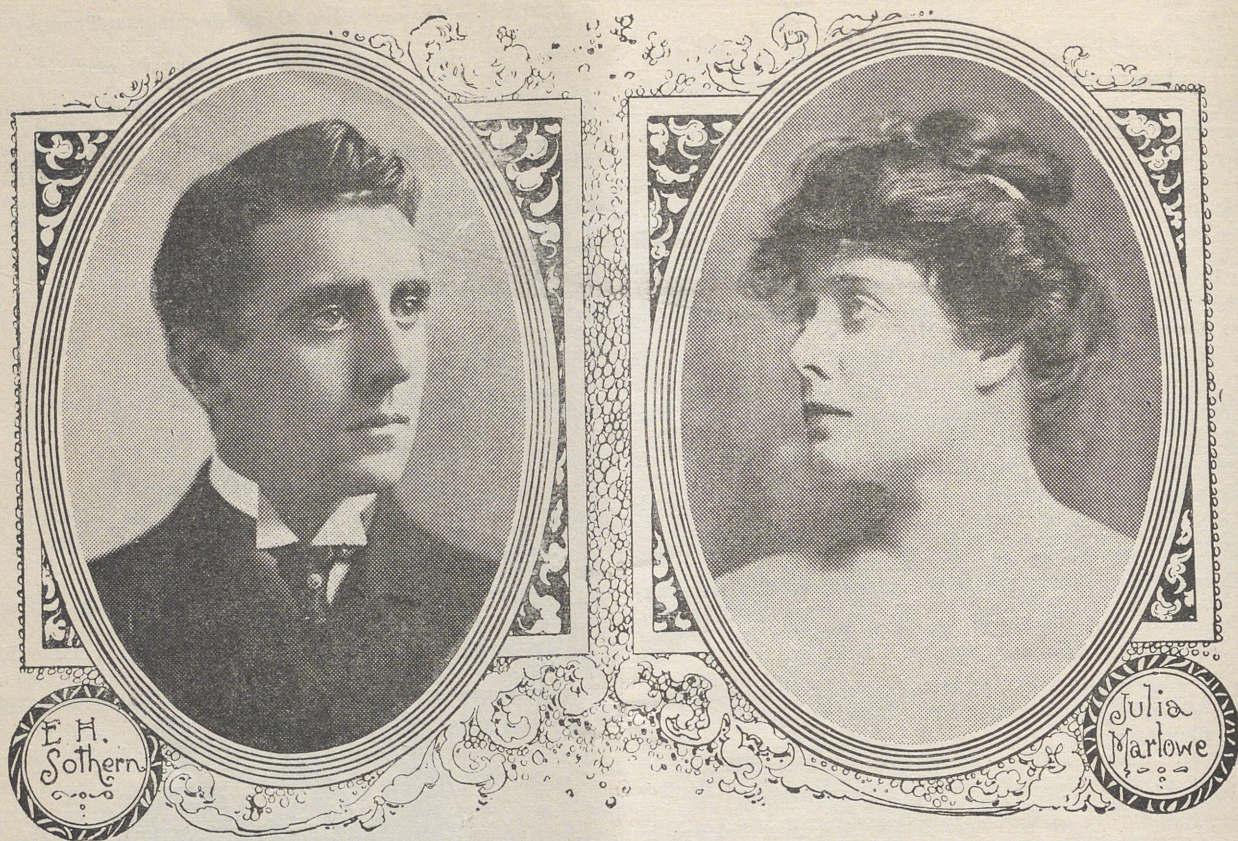
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In Shakespearean Repertoire at the Mason next week.

On the Stage and Off

Passion week and the opera combined to interfere with business at the local play houses. At Belasco's the revival of "Old Heidelberg" has been popular, as, indeed, the excellent presentation of this charming play deserves. At the Mason the favorites, Edith Mason and Tom Persse, prove a welcome addition to Kolb and Dill's forces and leaven some good singing into the loaf of fun. The Burbank and the Grand Opera House again vie with each other in the melodramatic race. At Morosco's house "Lost in the Desert" is replete with adventure, which includes shipwrecks, starvation and Arab raids. At the Grand, the theme is more domestic, a family feud in Kentucky with plenty of pistols.

"I. O. U." which has been having an inning at the Mason this week, should be seen by every person who doesn't love the trades unions. "I. O. U." gives an exaggerated—but not greatly exaggerated— notion of the absurd antics that "Man, proud man, clothed in a little brief authority" will make when he finds himself invested in the peacock feather and yellow jacket of union absolutism. "I. O. U." gives Kolb and Dill a chance to display their abilities as low comedians. There is a most comely and shape-ly chorus and nothing to offend the ear, eye or sensibilities.

At the Orpheum Francisco de Souza is still booming forth his big rich voice. Bertha Waltzinger and George C. Baniface prove capital entertainers in "Two Aches and One Pame." The Knight Brothers and Miss Sawtelle do some clever dancing, and the colored pair, Cooper and Robinson, provoke plenty of merriment in "Looking for Hannah." Haines and Vidocq keep the ball rolling with their rapid fire josh; Wynne Winslow sings very pleasingly and Kurtis's trick dogs are thoroughly worth seeing a second time.

A play which shall give an accurate picture of daily newspaper work and workers will be a novelty. The stage reporter has for many years been the most unreal character in contemporaneous drama. Jesse Lynch Williams, who writes the best "newspaper stories" published, has written a comedy around his well-known tale, "The Stolen Story," and it is to have a stage production in the autumn.

The most instructive commentary on the methods of the Theatrical Syndicate is found in David Belasco's evidence in the Belasco-Brooks-Klaw and Erlanger suits being tried this month in New York. Mr. Belasco told of the evolution and production of "The Auctioneer." It was a success at last, and he wanted to put it on the road. He went to Erlanger, and told him he wanted a route, but Erlanger did not think much of Warfield, except perhaps as a Dutch comedian. Belasco said he was willing to stake his reputation on Warfield, and offered to give Erlanger \$300 or \$400, the usual rates for the

season, and a small percentage. Belasco continued: "Oh, to hell with percentages!" said Erlanger. "I'll tell you what, Belasco, you let me in this and I'll make the managers swallow this fellow, anyhow."

"It's not fair for you to hold me up by the throat," I replied, "after all I've done for you and the syndicate. Don't push me to the wall. It looks like blackmail."

"Don't you dare to say blackmail to me," he said. "If you want a route you've got to let me in on this right."

Belasco said he offered twenty per cent, but Erlanger was more than disgusted and replied:

"I want half of the profits, and if you don't give me that I'll crush you out of business. I'll kick you out of this theatrical business, and hereafter you won't get another thing. If I don't get half I'll crush you."

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Warde have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, May, at their home in Brooklyn, next Wednesday, the 26th inst. The groom is Mr. David Schmidt. Miss Warde has several times appeared here in her father's company, and has also accompanied him to the Coast when she was not acting. She is a charming girl and has many friends in Southern California.

Virginia Harned has been engaged by W. A. Brady to play the title role in the forthcoming revival of "Tribby," which will be presented in New York May 8. The company will include nearly all the players seen in the Du Maurier drama when it was first presented in New York years ago. Wilton Lackaye will be seen again as Svengali, and the role of Taffy will be played by Burr McIntosh, who originated the part in this country.

The "As You Like It" company, with Florence Gale as its bright particular star, has disbanded. The closing of the company was caused by an accident to Miss Gale. While getting out of a carriage she sprained her ankle. This seems to have been an even more distressing accident than that which occurred to Miss Gale in Los Angeles.

Gillette has been speaking with characteristically hard, prosaic common sense in this wise:

"I will not, under any circumstances, talk about my work. The public has ample opportunity to see it—whenever there is anything to see. If it is good, it will speak for itself; if bad, the less said about it the better. I do not work on any theories or by any rules. Whatever occurs to me I set down. As for 'views' about the drama, I haven't any. It may be declining and it may not; I do not care two cents which it is so long as there is enough left to live on. I do not work with any lofty ideals or as a matter of 'high art'. The only art I have in view is the art of producing something with which to please the public sufficiently to attract is in paying quantities. The public has decided the drama—as well as nearly everything else so far—and has dragged critics, and thinkers, and philosophers along after it by the heels, so that it seems as well to look directly to the power behind the throne, especially as the throne is always saying one thing, while the power is insisting on the other."

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire. A rare and worthy combination, assuring adequate expression of the poet's works. Frohman has provided the co-stars with an excellent supporting company. Monday and Tuesday: "Much Ado About Nothing;" Wednesday and Thursday, "Hamlet," and Friday and Saturday and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet." During this engagement the performances will begin promptly at 7:45 and at 1:45 at the matinee. People are courteously but earnestly requested by the management to remember this. Order dinner half an hour earlier than usual.

Morosco's Burbank. Langdon McCormick's "Out of the Fold," for the first time here next Sunday. "Strong heart interest and glorious scenic equipment," quoth the press agent.

Belasco. Hall Caine's "Eternal City," will be given by the stock company next Monday for the first time on the Coast at popular prices. This should give Miss Gardner a strong opportunity which she has lacked for too many weeks. The Belasco company will be reinforced next week by Miss Langham, an actress of talent, beauty and experience.

Orpheum. Another strong and varied bill is promised next week, including among the new attractions, Jack Mason's Society Belles; Paul Konchas, a twentieth century Hercules, in feats of strength and skill and Winona Shannon, assisted by Frank C. Campbell, in the sketch "His Long Lost Child."

Grand. Commencing Sunday and all next week "For His Brother's Crime."

Stars et al.

Florence Stone opens an engagement at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, next Sunday with the Ferris Company in "Graustark."

Richard Mansfield will celebrate Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, by a revival of Richard III.

Ida Conquest joins the William Farnum Stock Company in Buffalo May 1.

Digby Bell will spend the summer in Alaska.

Cecilia Loftus is again appearing in vaudeville, presenting the imitations for which she is famous.

Louis James was knocked down by an automobile in New York last week while saving a redheaded urchin from being run over in Thirty-ninth street, just off Broadway.

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"Old Heidelberg"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Night, April 24

In Hall Caine's Great Play

"The Eternal City"

Prices: Every night, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25, 35, and 50c.

Pauline Hall has written the libretto for a musical review, "Frazzled, Frenzied Fancies," that will be produced by George W. Lederer about July 1. The principal character will be drawn on lines similar to Gilbert and Sullivan's Bunthorne in *Iolanthe*. The famous bat dinner, the Hyde fancy dress ball, with the Madame Réjane episode, and the orchid and violet fads of the Metropolitan Life Insurance head, are the features of the book. Maurice Levi will write the music for it.

Hilda Spong made her first appearance as a star this week in New York, originating the stellar role in Willis Steele's comedy, "The Firm of Cunningham."

Harrington Reynolds arrived in New York last week, after completing a world tour with T. Daniel Frawley. He traveled direct from South Africa, and reports theatrical business in Africa very bad.

T. Daniel Frawley is to star in the West in Richard Harding Davis's "Ransome's Folly."

Alexandra Hall of "The College Widower" company is the tallest woman on the stage—6 feet 3 inches.

Marie Doro is to have the principal role in "Peter Pan" when that London spectacle is produced in America.

Nance O'Neil's promise to return to New York will be fulfilled the week of April 24th, when the tragedienne will be the Easter attraction at the Grand opera house.

Captain Marshall's adaptation of Pierre Wolf's "Le Secret de Polichinelle", called "Everybody's Secret", has made a hit in London.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Sarah Bernhardt will play together in "Pelleas and Mellisande" in London next year.

Charles Dillingham of New York has arranged with T. B. Davis to present for the London season Maxine Elliott at the Lyric theater, beginning Easter Monday, April 24. Miss Elliott will appear in Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way". The entire production and the company supporting her in America will go to London for the season.

In the Musical World

Adown the deep dank Valley of the Diminished Seventh rode we four full mortal hours with but one swift shaft of sunshine to light the rugged way.

You will say this is technical and writ for musicians only—and you will be partly right. For what avails it that a musician declare himself in the hearing of the all-wise amateur? And how much matters musicianship with its knowledge and its reasoned deductions to the unknowing yet all-knowing critic of the daily papers—the critic who, while openly proclaiming his ignorance, has the temerity to pronounce positively upon the works of the greatest writer yet born of mortal woman?

I am not attacking Mr. Julian Hawthorne and his preposterous condemnation of Wagner in any larger measure than I am attacking the "critics" who, boasting a like lump sum of ignorance, presume to belaud composers and works from no possible standpoint except that of mere ear and irresponsible fancy.

But we must let the point pass. For the stream of flowery verbiage has the right of way, and it at least fully meets the insistent demand of the average reader for chatty fluff not overburdened with practical good sense.

There can be no hesitation in affixing the two great seals of appreciation when we look at "Parsifal" from the musician's standpoint. First, the music itself; and, secondly, Alfred Hertz, the conductor.

First, the music. The last work of the master, and occupying him from his sixty-third to his sixty-ninth year, it has been somewhat the fashion to assert that the dryness and sterility of dotage are not only natural but actually existent. So far from this

being the case there is, to my mind, no Wagnerian work which shows so fully and so richly the marvelous conceptive brain and the never-ending resources of scoring as does "Parsifal." Of melody of the dilettante order there is, it may be, little to titillate the ears of "Red Feather" fans. And still, I scarce see why; for I enjoyed De Koven's work hugely and yet found melody, now of infinite pathos, now of rugged majesty, now of seductive sensuousness, pouring unceasingly from this inexhaustible fount of witchery.

Wagner's melodies are born of the dramatic exigencies of the moment, and they belong not to the voice alone but well up from every crack and crevice of the orchestral strata—ever swelling the mighty river of tone and yet flowing eternally on their own individual way. One of the most exquisite examples of this type of melodic beauty may be cited in Parsifal's contemplative air as, with the new-born life stirring within him, he gazes upon field and forest after the baptism of Kundry. Of tune, as commonly understood of the people, there is seemingly little or none in the voice part; and yet, anything of more perfect loveliness is, I think, scarce writ in the whole range of music. And, with rare nods of his Homeric head, Wagner uncovers lode upon lode unceasingly in his vast mine of melody. But we must learn to look for them in other than the accustomed quarters ere the master-mind can hold us full captive.

So much for the melodic side of the question. Of the dramatic, the ultra dramatic, the supernatural and the spirituelle phases it is unnecessary to speak. They appeal with irresistible force to all classes of humanity—tutored or untutored. The only field in which I would take issue with the Wagner concept is in respect of the religious setting—the stertorous, monotonous rant of the Knights of the Grail holding no measure of sacred clang to mine ear.

For the rest, and to the rest, I gladly confess myself a convert. I had not thought it possible that things so revered by the thinking among us could be reverently simulated on the stage. The foot of the actor is so constantly on the danger line and the temptation to hew to the line of public applause is so overpowering that it is in the highest degree unwise and unseemly to place the high functions of the Church in juxtaposition with the ordinary puppet show.

But, despite this antagonistic feeling, and in spite of a dogged disinclination to be conquered, I found myself so strongly impressed during the performance and so restfully satisfied since that I am forced to the conclusion that not wrong but right is being done. The few tender cords are touched very lightly and deftly and the threatening clouds sweep swiftly past.

Alfred Hertz, the conductor, has been scored in some places—notably in Boston. The Hub found him hard; and, assuredly, the man or woman the Hub finds hard must be Stonehenge redivivus. I will go with Boston just one short block, and then we part company. During the scene-changing of the last act the brass section has an exceptionally bad spell of unbridled noise, the strings and wood wind being absolutely swallowed up; and, even then, the voracity of the conductor seems unappeased.

In all else Mr. Hertz is the supreme embodiment of power and decision. Directing a work of enormous

difficulty, a work studded with crucial ramifications, there is never a shadow of turning nor a hair's breadth of wavering. There is little of grace, to be sure, and still less of monotony; for to his favorite shoulder jerk Mr. Hertz adds in impartial sequence a quaint little left hand ease-up, a restless double-up beat and a special push stroke which is peculiarly his own. Alfred Hertz is a great man in his own field, let the eastern critics rage as furiously together as they will. He holds the Wagnerian orchestra in the hollow of his hand, and he holds my admiration just as safely.

For the chief character exponents of Parsifal I have left myself small space, and I greatly regret that therein may not be included whole-hearted tributes to Miss Fremstad—why, I scarce can tell. The beautiful young Swede has a lovely voice, of ample range and excellently used. But I went out to her insistently seeking emotion and with rare exceptions went back to my kitchen chair soul-hungry. I really think that in Miss Fremstad's unimpassioned air lay the want of response on my part; and I cannot think that Parsifal's renunciation was altogether to be wondered at. Personally, I would have rather feared for myself in respect of one or two of the altogether too charming Flower-Maidens. But that is neither here nor there, because opportunities like those don't—but what on earth am I talking about?

Yet would I not have it thought that I belittle or think lightly of the Fremstad voice. It has, indeed, in large measure the liquid emotional quality which alone lifts the human organ immeasurably above all mechanical instruments. There is, too, an indefinable sweet touch of sympathy—almost of pity—pervading the middle and lower range, and this the young singer wrought upon with exquisite effect in the latter part of the temptation scene. It may be that the suggested dual quality of Kundry holds Miss Fremstad in the chains of chaste repression; but surely, if mortal man must be subjected to the wiles of seductive femininity, we might just as well keep the hoar-frost off the tropical foliage.

To Burgstaller as Parsifal, Van Rooy as Amfortas and Blass as Gurnemanz goes out my whole soul—Van Rooy in especial compelling high admiration by virtue of the splendor of his voice and the nobility of his impersonation.

Not for many long years have I been so emotionally content in the sheer enjoyment of pure singing as was the case in the work of the greater male soloists of the Conried forces. With such exemplars of free baritone placement and distinction of style to point the way it becomes more and more amazing that the blatant atrocities and rank absurdities so often inflicting us can be permitted to hold the boards for so much as a single hour.

All in all, "Parsifal" must be pronounced a noble production—gloriously sung, splendidly staged and in all respects reverently presented. Of the supreme beauty of the music I have already spoken, and it is a glad some sign of the revolution which Wagner has wrought that we now go our daily ways haunted insistently by strange melodies rich in dramatic significance the while the tinkling tunes of our Italian-

ised youth flit us idly by. Hence, we do well to give honor to Heinrich Conried for his "Parsifal" and, especially, for his "Parsifal" cast.

I wish I could say the same for "Lucia." But, to tell the truth in all its bald frankness, I was grievously disappointed. Caruso was there, of course, and the much acclaimed tenor made good in the last act to a certain extent—but, honestly speaking, to only a certain extent. The flowery critics talk of Caruso's "golden" voice. I fail to discover the slightest glint of gold in his entire range. Polished silver there is (if we must talk nonsensical similes), but gold, nay. Nor range, nor power—that is, if we look to the Mario, the Campanini, even the Tamagno of old.

You know it is neither wise nor necessary to take for granted all that the press agent tells us. It is his business to talk large. He is built that way—born of Hope, reared in optical delusion and, wearing rose tinted spectacles perpetually, he goes abroad seeking easy believers and guileless fools.

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He finds them, of course, lots of them. And those who are neither easy nor guileless do not matter—for they buy their tickets, anyway, just to be in fashion, and are thenceforward afraid to call their soul their own.

For example, this same Caruso. A great tenor, truly; but do you really think he is great as greatness was accounted in the olden days? Not you, nor I. Let us say, rather, that he is the best obtainable in these tenor-famine times and then be glad that he is as good as he is.

Worse. Look at the reams of rubbish written about Sembrich. Of real voice beauty I can find absolutely no trace, nor ever could. If a voice is intrinsically beautiful it will touch (as in Gadski, Homer, Schumann-Heink or even Van Studdiford, for instance), but I cannot for the life of me conceive Sembrich ever rousing anything more than weak-kneed admiration for her technical dexterity. "The greatest colorature singer the world ever knew." It is not true. But, if it were, who cares? A voice is the God-given vital thread between the soul of the singer and the soul of the hearer. But if, in place of this, you want flute-like tweedledums and tweedledees, going at the rate of sixty-four demisemiquavers to the second—why, take them, and may the Lord have mercy on your taste!

From the general mediocrity of the "Lucia" cast should be exempted Journet, a basso cantante with a fine broad tone of telling vibrant quality and with great distinction of bearing. Mr. Journet once or twice closely approached the border-line of heavy register, but on the whole sang with excellent judgment and marked effect. And if this splendid fellow failed of his due meed of applause the reproach rests solely on the head of an audience accustomed to render homage to the much advertised stars alone.

Parvis as Enrico is entirely out of place as a Conried lead. Much of his work is markedly throaty and, moreover, his pitch is frequently off color—trouble which afflicted even the great Caruso himself at times. The rest of the solo cast was insignificant.

A word for Mr. Vigna and the orchestra. The young Italian has admirable control of his forces, his flexible wrist and easy poise being in strong contrast with the acute angles of Mr. Hertz. None the less, Mr. Vigna should moderate his brass demands. Time and time again the singers were utterly swamped in the raging metallic surf. And, by the way, the brass is none too homogeneous for a Metropolitan orchestra, the trumpets being particularly tempestuous. Mr. Conried should put his brass section through a course in velvetising under the Eilery boys. The wood wind leaves little to be desired, even the customary acidity and sharpness of the flutes being, by the grace of the Lord, gratefully tempered.

The height of tonal beauty, however, is reached by the strings. A little more cello, possibly, might be a betterment; but, all things considered, for my greatest treat in connection with the visit of such of the Conried aggregation as favored us I have largely to thank the orchestra and, in especial, the strings.

I have said nothing of the cuts and scurry of "Lucia," though these things are all unfair to a

trusting and high-paying audience. Nor have I mentioned the bad manners of the late comers or the worse manners of the conversationalists in the ultra-swell crowd. It is exceedingly doubtful whether either time or money will ever put consideration for other folk into the keeping of people who know nothing but self and selfishness. I had thought much of this foolishness was mere thoughtlessness—but I am being rapidly undeceived. It is a sad thing to confess, but we are only too often a mighty rude lot of humanity.

They tell of one of those little German orchestra rehearsals, so dear to the Teutonic heart, which was in full blast one night at the house of one of its members, when a neighbor clamored at the door and finally gained admittance in a state of great mental excitement.

"For pity's sake, gentlemen, either stop your infernal racket," said he, "or else play a little softer. No doubt it is good music, but I came in to tell you that there is a woman lying dead in the next house."

This rather startled the orchestra for a bit, but the host, who happened to be the leader, pulled himself together, and said: "Well, what if der iss? She's deadt, ain't she? Vell, then she can't hear the music, and we ain't vorrying her, I guess."

"Yes, my dear sir, but I have heard that certain loud strains of music will bring the dead back to life," declared the neighbor.

"Vell, vot of dot. If we do bring her pack to life we von't charge you anything for id."

"Yes, yes, I know. But you forget. This woman is my mother-in-law."

The second concert of the newly-formed Women's Lyric Club will take place at the Dobinson next Wednesday evening.

To the Spring.....Grieg
Snowflakes.....Cowen
Flute Fantasie.....Dopper
Mr. Mead.

The night has a thousand eyes.....Rogers
Mother's Song.....Neidlinger
Sparrow's Twitter.....Otto
Vulcan's Song.....Gounod
Mr. Chick.

Fairest of Lands.....Thomas
Una Voce Poco Fa.....Rossini
Miss Curl.

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Night.....Saint Saens
(a) The Rosy Morn.....Ronald
(b) When Song Is Sweet.....Sans Souci
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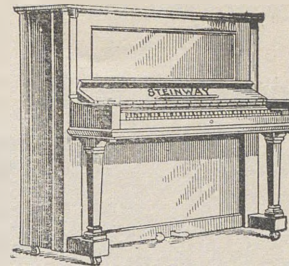
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Notes

Richard J. Jose, the contra-tenor, will be heard in concert at Simpson Auditorium, Saturday, April 29.

The third concert given this season by the Los Angeles Choral Society will be at Simpson, Friday, June 9. Harry Clifford Lott has been selected as one of the soloists.

Ethel Lucretia Olecott, guitarist, will give an entertainment at the Dobinson Auditorium next Tues-



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day evening. Pupils of the Dobinson School will contribute to the program.

The date for the Heinrich recital at Simpson is May 2. Strauss' "Enoch Arden" will be a feature of the program.

Manager Behymer announces the celebrated Kneisel Quartet, at Simpson Auditorium, May 16.

Preparations for the May Music Festival are going briskly forward. The coming of the famous Innes band is anticipated with great interest.

Johann Haae-Zinck, the tenor, will be the soloist at the last concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Friday afternoon, May 5. The symphony will be the Fifth in C minor.

Ysaye is booked for two recitals at the Simpson Auditorium, May 23 and 24. The great violinist is said to have never been in better form than he is this season.

Financial

The new state bank being organized at Anaheim is to be called the Commercial Bank and Trust Co. C. E. Holcomb will be cashier but the other officers have not been chosen.

The organization of a bank is being considered by several business men and capitalists of North Pasadena. The Farmers & Merchants' National bank is understood to have a hand in the deal.

L. J. Wilde of San Diego is the leading spirit in the new First National Bank of Escondido. Mr. Wilde's San Diego bank, the American National of San Diego will also have "feeder" banks in Ocean-side and National City.

W. W. Douglass, who was formerly a resident of San Bernardino and who for many years has been deputy state controller, has been appointed cashier of the new Citizens National Bank of San Francisco and has resigned his position in the state government.

The American National Bank of Monrovia has organized to take over the commercial business of the Granite Bank & Trust Co. The Granite Bank will continue to operate as a trust and savings institution. The stockholders of the new bank are the same as those of the Granite Bank. The capital stock is \$50,000.

A new bank is being organized at Orange and the following directors have been chosen: T. L. Ainsworth, H. Dierker, N. T. Edwards, P. W. Ehlen, D. C. Pixley, M. L. Willits, K. E. Watson, L. D. Toothaker and A. N. Saxton. The new institution is expected to combine forces with the Bank of Orange.

Henry Newby has been elected President of the Pasadena National Bank to succeed the late Gilbert W. Pratt. J. H. Woodworth and Isaac Bailey were made vice-presidents and A. D. Crosby, a retired merchant of Cuba, N. Y., was added to the directorate.

John Law has resigned the Presidency of the First National bank of Pomona and has been succeeded by Charles E. Walker. Mr. Law remains on the board of directors.

The Treasury reports more new national banks organized last month than in any month since October, 1903, the number being larger than in any month except nine since 1900, when the new national banking law was enacted, permitting banks to be organized with as low capitalization as \$25,000. In all forty-eight banks began business in various parts of the United States last month; the total capital of these institutions being \$2,155,000. The largest new bank in the list is the United States National Bank of Los Angeles, the capital being \$200,000.

D. F. Garrettson, for many years vice-president, will succeed the late Jacob Gruendike as president of the First National Bank of San Diego. While a large part of the bank's stock was owned by Gruendike, he has not been actively connected with the management, which has rested largely with Garrettson.

A municipal gas plant to cost \$2,500,000 and involving the issue of bonds to that amount has been started in the city council of Los Angeles.

Riverside School District (Ventura Co.) bonds will be sold May 4, to the amount of \$2750.

The San Diego Consolidated Gas Company proposes to issue \$1,500,000 in bonds.

The proposition to issue \$1800 bonds for school purposes has carried at Fernando.

The new San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Co. contemplates a bond issue to provide for extensions in San Diego city and to provide electric lights for La Jolla, Pacific Beach and National City.

Whittier city bonds to the amount of \$110,000 for providing a water system will be sold April 24.

Redondo is to have a new city hall to cost \$20,000 and a bond issue is proposed.

Fire department bonds to the amount of \$30,000 will be sold by the city of Long Beach on April 24.

Hollywood is to issue \$15,000 bonds to provide storm drains and culverts.

Los Angeles is expected soon to offer for sale an additional \$250,000 sewer bonds and \$250,000 library bonds.

Ocean Park will sell \$20,000 fire department bonds on May 1.

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